THE
NATION

AUGUST 15, 1959 . . 25c

CIGARETTES, CANCER and the CAMPUS

David Cort

Puerto Rico: THE NEXT STATE?

Merrill Rippy

TIME:

The Weekly Fiction Magazine

Jigs Gardner

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LETTERS

Praise from the Profession

Dear Sirs: The article, "Why Hospitals Exploit Labor," in your July 4 issue, is of such interest and importance, I am passing it around to the executives of the Philadelphia Blue Cross Plan. . . .

We in Blue Cross can substantiate Mr. Kirstein's statement that hospital supply costs, along with other costs, are skyrocketing. . . . To ease some of the hospital costs, Philadelphia Blue Cross allows, for subscribers over sixty-five years in age, two days' care in a nursing home for each hospital day they have left over from their entitlement period. Other Blue Cross plans have nursing-home benefits also.

D. G. Roehrs
Public Relations Dept.
Philadelphia Blue Cross

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: "Why Hospitals Exploit Labor" . . . particularly caught my attention because the views expressed are identical to those which have been repeatedly expressed by the president of the Board of Trustees of the Elizabeth Gamble Deaconess Association which operates The Christ Hospital in Cincinnati, Ohio. While I do not entirely agree with the solution offered, the problem and its etiology are clearly and forthrightly stated.

Please accept my congratulations on a very vivid explanation of the whole story.

Lloyd E. Larrick, M.D.
Director, The Christ Hospital

Cincinnati, O.

Dear Sirs: Your explanation of the historic and present forces involved in "Why Hospitals Exploit Labor," is the finest I've ever seen.

P. F. Lucchesi, M.D.
Executive Vice-President
and Medical Director
The Albert Einstein Medical Center

Philadelphia, Pa.

A Cheer and a Rap

Dear Sirs: Of the many fine articles and stories that have constantly filled your pages, Wilma Shore's Fourth of July story, "For Spacious Skies," reached a new high. Expertly constructed, and loaded.

On the other hand, in the same issue (July 4), the editorial, "Open Season on Actors," is a puzzler. An "issue" of this magnitude is more suitable for the pages of *Time*, not a magazine which consistently focuses so brilliantly on real issues.

Sanford Rosenzweig

Indianapolis, Ind.

Battle over Beard

Dear Sirs: Until I read Professor Main's review of McDonald's *We the People* ["The Prosecuting Historians"; *The Nation*, June 13] I had assumed that the Beard thesis on the Constitution was being quietly consigned by a growing number of reputable historians to the limbo of historical relics.

Readers of *The Nation* should be warned that, contrary to Main's assertion, Beard made more than "a few mistakes" and historians have corrected more than "peripheral errors." The entire Beard thesis is of dubious validity. . . . Both Beard's own evidence and that of other scholars seems to indicate that most men could vote in 1787. If a majority of "conservative" businessmen favored the Constitution, so also did a majority of "city workers" and the small farmers. If the vote in the ratifying conventions has any relation to popular sentiment, the Constitution won by a greater popular majority than did either Franklin D. Roosevelt or Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Main seems to be willing to accept Beard, even though Beard had admittedly not done the necessary research, yet he rejects McDonald who claims to have done the research that Beard failed to do. . . . If McDonald . . . was motivated merely by a desire to refute Beard, as Main says, his work will be rejected in the future just as Beard's work is now being rejected. We can only hope that the process will not take more than forty years as it did with Beard.

Perhaps Main will produce the necessary evidence in his forthcoming book, but until he does, your readers would do well to read both Beard and McDonald before making a final decision.

Robert E. Brown
Professor of History
Michigan State University

East Lansing, Mich.

Dear Sirs: When doctors disagree, the patient dies. When historians disagree, what does a history teacher do?

I was raised on the gospel of history according to St. Charles (A. Beard). Last month I read *We the People* by Forrest McDonald who convincingly (it seemed to me) demonstrated that Uncle Charley didn't do his homework in writing *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*. McDonald's book sort of pulled the historical rug out from under me.

Now Dr. Jackson Turner Main says that Beard's contention is still the correct view but gives no evidence to support his statement.

"Go it, husband! Go it, bear!" Like the neutral wife in this encounter, I'm willing to listen to more from both sides.

George Johnson

Ripon, Wis.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Ghost Soon Laid

Were John Foster Dulles alive, it is inconceivable that the Eisenhower-Khrushchev exchange visits could have been arranged. The irrationality of the Dulles policies may be gauged by the celerity with which Eisenhower dried his tears and embarked on a diplomatic experiment totally at variance with the late Secretary's principles and techniques. Not that the President was insincere: his dependence was genuine and his eulogies came from the heart. But with his strong-willed mentor out of the way, the ineluctable facts forced the President to seek other advice and — it is not ruled out — at last to think and act for himself.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lort-Phillips sums up the facts in this issue [see page 71]. The West cannot win a war with conventional weapons. Nobody can win an all-out nuclear war. NATO is useless, for its only function is to hold a front until strategic nuclear bombardment can take effect. But the Russians would retaliate in kind; Britain and West Germany would be totally obliterated, the Soviet Union and the United States partly so, and to what end? The concept of limited nuclear war is visionary, but should it become a reality the Russians are at least as well prepared for it as we are. Dulles, essentially an old-fashioned diplomat, was always playing with the idea of a military solution. But there is no military solution; time and technology have erased it.

Besides these general facts, Eisenhower had to face the facts of the Berlin impasse. Khrushchev could block any sort of agreement at a foreign ministers' meeting, and did. His potentialities for mischief in this particular sector were greater than those of the Western Allies. Khrushchev wanted to do his own talking with his opposite number. There was nothing for it but to indulge him. The Nixon mission facilitated matters, but Nixon was at most an expediter. Events would have taken their course without him. Where they will lead it is too early to say. The obstacles to achieving a *modus vivendi* are enormous. They may prove insurmountable, but at least people will be trying, while all that Dulles was capable of doing was to make difficult situations hopeless. His works lasted as long as they deserved: about two months.

If Peace Breaks Out

To talk of peace at this stage of American-Soviet relations is as if a girl were to start thinking of marriage when a man glanced at her legs in the subway. Still, one thing leads to another, and who knows where or when? What if the cold war should actually end, or shrink to smaller dimensions? What will take its place if there is no longer an excuse for government spending on armaments to the extent of a tenth or more of the gross national product? The experience of the last three decades shows quite clearly that American capitalism, whatever its merits, needs at least that much government spending to hold the oscillations of the business cycle within tolerable limits. The often cited spending for welfare is not a realistic alternative. It is unacceptable to capitalists for the perfectly sound reason that it does not yield profits to private enterprise nor permit accumulation of private capital. Until now there has been no practical solution. But now there may be one. It is space, vast even within the solar system, illimitable among the stars, and with illimitable possibilities for spending. The cold war could thus be carried on in a

To *Nation* Subscribers

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only. The next issue will be published Aug. 29. The normal weekly printing schedule will be resumed with the first September issue.

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non-lethal way, for Russia, too, will be out there. After a time, with the military pressure lessened, public opinion might tend to favor a diversion of some of the spatial spending to welfare objectives and a sensible balance could be achieved between the interplanetary adventure and the enhancement of life on this planet. And the beauty of it is that the same great corporations which are now cashing in on the armament boom would more or less monopolize the space business — in fact, they are already doing so.

President Nixon?

The ballots aren't cast, he isn't even nominated yet, but his chances are greatly improved since he flew to the Bolshevik lair. The Gallup figures in July, before this god-sent opportunity, were: Stevenson, 56 per cent, Nixon, 44 per cent. On August 4, Gallup reported: Nixon, 51 per cent; Stevenson, 49 per cent. Gallup cautions that the gain may be ephemeral; Nixon enjoyed a similar windfall after his journey through South America and the gain of statistical popularity proved temporary. But there is a difference in the two trips. Once he had returned from the ministrations of our southern neighbors, the Vice President was in no further danger of being stoned and spat upon and the public could forget about his adventure; but East-West tensions will be in the news for a long time and the image of Nixon as the statesman who broke the thaw (if it remains broken) should endure as a political asset during the fifteen decisive months ahead.

History is replete with irony; still, if Nixon achieves the highest political prize the United States has to offer, it will be a laugh for the gods. He has his gifts. He carries the Madison Avenue virtues to their highest apogee; an opportunist he may be, but a highly talented one; above all, he is equipped with antennae which enable him to sense rewards with a speed and nicety not given to ordinary myriapods.

Still, it is strange to think of him in the chair of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson, the two Roosevelts. Whatever their faults, these presidents, and probably the great majority of others less famed, stood for something. They had principles, complexes, passions. Nixon's only public passion seems to be to get ahead. It is said that he sometimes weeps. Where do the tears come from?

Yet, if Nixon achieves his goal, or even comes as near as he already has, it would be a mistake merely to deplore and decry. Rather, the significance of the phenomenon must be recognized. Ten years ago the supersensitive Nixon antennae sent a message to the alert Nixon brain which — to use an old-fashioned expression — made him the most successful Red baiter of his time. Now these same feelers, presumably no less reliable, seem to tell him that, for the moment at least, the pursuit of peace will pay off better than the pursuit of Reds. Well, is that bad?

As for what the people will get if they elect him, that is quite another matter. From a moral and aesthetic standpoint, it could be dismal. It seems most improbable, however, that Nixon could descend to the depths of McCarthy. No monomaniac, Nixon would serve the corporate powers that be, but always with his antennae waving fearfully at incipient rebellion or even unpopularity, and searching eagerly for votes and approbation. Thus it may be hoped that the humiliations to which the country might be subjected would be limited by the virtues of Nixon's defects. That is not to say that we should be resigned to his ascension; only that it may not be necessary to move to Canada if it occurs.

Thank God for Hoffa!

Business Week for August 1 carries a table which must be seen — in color — to be appreciated. It is entitled "Record Earners Dot Profit Sampling." The record earners are printed in red. A few samples:

Company	1959 First-Half Earnings	1958 First-Half Earnings	% Change
Allegheny-Ludlum Steel	$ 12,369,009	$ 1,371,967	+801.5
American Machine & Foundry	8,348,000	4,679,000	+78.4
Crucible Steel	8,621,061	399,327	+2,060.7
Eastman Kodak	52,720,909	37,330,269	+41.2
Ford Motor Co.	285,900,000	16,100,000	+1,675.8
Jones & Laughlin	42,206,000	5,691,000	+641.6
Pepsi-Cola Co.	7,266,000	5,582,000	+30.2
Union Carbide	90,443,000	49,901,000	+81.2

Of the 60 companies listed, 27 are record earners. Only one company, Allis-Chalmers, shows a negative percentage change. Happy days are here again. And they are going to be even happier. "Record Quarter, More to Come," reads the *Business Week* headline. With big business thus wallowing in big profits, Jimmie Hoffa is surely a corporate publicity man's dream. In truth, what business needs is more and seamier labor leaders. If these miscreants can be hauled up periodically before Congressional committees to capture the headlines, nobody will pay much attention to the revelations in the financial pages.

Belated Smear

Leslie Fiedler, who has long been a controversial figure in literary circles, has now become a center of controversy at Montana State University, where he is the most renowned member of the English Department.

The attack on Mr. Fiedler is focused in a pamphlet, "Is This Your University?" which is published by Ken Neils, a man whose family is prominent in the lumber industry of the Northwest. This pamphlet draws heav-

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ily upon a dossier drawn up by Robert O. Bowen, a junior member of the Montana English faculty. It consists mainly of quotations from Mr. Fiedler's printed work, presented in fragments and out of context and designed to show that he scorns truthfulness, politics, marriage, the oil industry, the Catholic Church and "God's Country" (i.e., the United States).

Another member of the Montana faculty, Edmund Freeman, has published an article in *The People's Voice* (Helena, Mont.) which restores the quotes to context and shows in every case that Mr. Fiedler was saying approximately the opposite of what he was made to appear to say.

Mr. Fiedler, a good many years ago, was attracted by what he took to be the principles and purposes of communism. Being a forthright man, he said so in print; and being an honest one, he has long since publicly changed his mind. But idle men like Mr. Neils and ambitious ones like Mr. Bowen propose to destroy him with his old enthusiasm. They have found a recent essay in which Mr. Fiedler recalls his earlier illusions, and display it as representing his present views.

They count on support, perhaps, from the many peers of Mr. Fiedler who take issue with him on matters of literary and social interpretation. But Mr. Fiedler has nothing to fear from his peers in the present distasteful controversy. They will immediately close ranks with him against the Yahoos.

PUERTO RICO: The Next State? . . *by Merrill Rippy*

Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

WITH fifty states in the Union, Americans may think that a logical and final goal had been reached in the extension of statehood. They will then be surprised to learn that many Puerto Ricans do not agree with them. The movement to make Puerto Rico the fifty-first state has become vigorous and vocal to the extent that it can no longer be ignored. All the arguments that once blocked the admission of Hawaii and Alaska apply to Puerto Rico: it is non-contiguous (so was Alaska); it is non-continental (so was Hawaii); it is not Anglo-Saxon (neither was Hawaii); it is vital to the national defense (so were Alaska and Hawaii). But if these were ever valid reasons to oppose statehood, Hawaii and Alaska have wiped them out.

What kind of state would Puerto Rico make, assuming that it requests admission? In area it would stand between Delaware and Connecticut; in number of people it would rank with Oklahoma and Connecticut; in racial make-up it would resemble Ohio; in religion it would be similar to Connecticut. Puerto Rico speaks with two tongues, rather like New Mexico; its per capita wealth compares with the lowest rung of American states, its liquid capital with New Mexico. Unlike Alaska and Hawaii, Puerto Rico would enter the Union with considerable legislative power: it would be entitled to six Representatives (the same as Connecticut), as well as the two Senators.

Since being admitted to the Union has always been essentially a political matter, the politics of Puerto Rico's position are pertinent and interesting. It is significant in this connection that almost one-third of all Puerto Ricans live in the continental United States. Nearly one million Puerto Ricans live in New York, Pennsylvania and other states of the mainland. Neither Hawaii nor Alaska had so powerful a built-in base for political maneuvering. Moreover, Puerto Rico is fortunate in having its mainland population concentrated in New York, where it will do the most good politically. The nearly 800,000 Puerto Ricans in New York may very well wield a balance of power in that most important of states. This fact has dawned upon people other than Puerto Ricans.

The growing power of Puerto Ricans in New York City and State politics is already producing some interesting results, not the least of which has been the effort of Congressman Adam Clayton Powell to build a united front between the New York Negro vote and the Puerto Rican vote. Such a front, if it were constructed, could exercise sufficient power to be a determining factor not only in the city but also in the state. The contest between the Roosevelt-Lehman-Impelliteri wing of the Democratic Party and the De Sapio-Wagner faction, along with the maneuverings of Representative Powell, has introduced the question of statehood for Puerto Rico as a local city issue. [For a discussion of the Puerto Rican vote in New York City, see Dan Wakefield's article in *The Nation* of February 28.]

The almost daily interchange of political personages between San Juan and New York has much less to do with the beauties of Puerto Rico and the need of a vacation from New York than with the 1960 political campaign. In a short span of time Mr. Powell, Robert G. Baker (Lyndon Johnson's executive assistant), Senator Dennis Chavez (D., New Mexico), the Mayor of Philadelphia and Jim Farley have appeared in Puerto Rico. Governor Muños Marín of Puerto Rico has visited Eisenhower and conferred with Lyndon Johnson in Washington; the Mayor of San Juan, Felisa Rincón de Gautier, has broadcast to Puerto Ricans in New York. A delegation of "Pro-State 51" Puerto Ricans has been received by Governor Brown of California, who announced that he wished more Puerto Ricans would come to California rather than to New York; the mayor of Philadelphia,

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MERRILL RIPPY is the author of Oil and the Mexican Revolution *and many articles in the area of Latin American politics and economics.*

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while in San Juan, praised the Puerto Rican colony in his city; and Governor Nelson Rockefeller enlarged his resort hotel in Puerto Rico to entertain the United States Conference of Governors which convened there earlier this month.

THE PRESSURE for statehood has been stimulated in Puerto Rico by recent proposals to alter the fundamental law governing relations between the island and the United States. Puerto Rico, from the turn of the century, when it came under the sovereignty of the United States, has been governed in accord with four basic laws: the Foraker Act (1900-1917), the Jones Act (1917-1947), the Amended Jones Act (1947-1952), and the so-called Law 600 (since 1952). Each of these acts has granted Puerto Rico a degree more of self-government, until, as Senator Henry Jackson (D., Washington) remarked, it can become more sovereign only by becoming a state or by becoming entirely independent. A former judge of the First Circuit Court of Appeals in Boston, the federal court which first hears cases appealed from Puerto Rico, has declared that if Puerto Rico gains any more advantages than those in the Law 600, it would have to become independent. Rexford Tugwell (New Deal Governor of Puerto Rico) has declared that Puerto Rico must move toward independence or statehood.

It is that situation which arouses the pro-statehood forces in Puerto Rico to strong opposition to proposed amendments of the Law 600. These changes, the Fernós proposals (named for Fernós Isern, the Resident Commissioner of Puerto Rico in Washington, a non-voting member of Congress), have been presented to the Senate as the Fernós-Murray Bill (Senator James F. Murray; D., Montana). In some respects, the amendments would increase Puerto Rico's resemblance to a state. Cases involving the Puerto Rican government would go directly to the Supreme Court of the United States, Puerto Rico would set its own debt limitation, and could support the federal treasury by voluntary contributions, avoiding federal taxation.

In other ways the Fernós proposals would make Puerto Rico more like an independent sovereignty and less like a state. Reports from Puerto Rico would be sent to the Secretary of State of the United States rather than to the Cabinet officers concerned with the particular business; the Customs Service would be called that of Puerto Rico rather than that of the United States, and judicial proceedings would be in the name of the Constitutions of Puerto Rico and the United States only, eliminating the former references in such proceedings to the United States Government and the President.

This development, which seems to put Puerto Rico at a crossroads in its relationship with the United States, has stirred up a hornets' nest among Puerto Ricans in New York and on the island. Congressman Victor Anfuso of Brooklyn is quoted as having declared that he could not withdraw his proposal for a Puerto Rican plebescite on the question of statehood, even under pressure from Lyndon Johnson, because he had received an incredible 400,000 signed letters backing the idea. In Puerto Rico, island-wide broadcasts and telecasts on the issue have been made almost nightly for weeks. Federal employees in Puerto Rico and the American Legion there (more than 100,000 Puerto Ricans are veterans), as well as organized labor, support statehood; its appeal to other groups, including the politically alive university students, is widespread.

The career of Governor Muñoz Marín, who has been in political control since 1940, is involved in the dispute. Muñoz has announced that commonwealth status should be permanent and definitive for Puerto Rico; his Partido Popular Democrático has committed itself strongly to the Fernós proposals. Except for the opposition of Puerto Ricans both in New York and on the island, assisted by Democratic Senators Jackson from Washington and Gruening of Alaska (members of the Senate Committee on Insular Affairs which has to present the Fernós-Murray Bill to the Senate), Muñoz Marín and Fernós might very well have got the revisions through the Congress with little difficulty, particularly since Lyndon Johnson seems favorably disposed to Muñoz's wishes. However, Muñoz's proposals have been widely denounced as a step away from statehood, and the power of the PPD, particularly in New York, is not as strong as it was.

MUNOZ MARIN opposes statehood because he fears it would cut down on American capital investment in Puerto Rico, because it has been pre-empted as an issue by the most powerful opposition party and because in his youth (in contrast to his famous father, who favored the closest ties with the U.S.) he was radically for independence. Muñoz has based his political power upon his programs of land reform and industrialization. Economically, his land reform program resembles Cuba's in every way except that it has been accepted as legal and historical. His industrialization program has brought Puerto Rico in ten years 600 industries employing 41,000 workers at low wages to make goods for export out of imported materials. Muñoz has strongly urged that Puerto Rico be excepted from any increase of the minimum wage in the United States. No one questions, however, that Puerto Rico has made an impressive economic advance under Muñoz Marín.

These programs have not been sufficient to prevent the opposition party, the Partido Estadista Republicano, from enjoying a popular revival on the statehood issue. The PER has grown rapidly since its founding in 1953, doubling its totals in successive elections and receiving 24 per cent of the vote in 1956. A

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third party, favoring independence for Puerto Rico, has dropped from 22 per cent of the vote in 1952 to 12 per cent in 1956. In the 1960 elections the statehood party is certain to show continuing growth and the party favoring independence may well disappear. This development is more than "typical Republican statehood propaganda," and Robert G. Baker may rue the effort to link the Democratic Party with the party of Muñoz Marín.

Using an unfortunate metaphor (for his purposes), Fernós Isern declared in his Fourth of July oration in San Juan that July 4, 1776, was the trunk of Puerto Rico's political development; that July 25, 1898 (the date of United States occupation of Puerto Rico) was the branch; and that July 25, 1952 (the date the Law 600 was passed) was the flower. Frenós stopped the process there, but an anonymous friend completed it for him: the fruit — statehood — will come from the flower.

TIME: the Weekly Fiction Magazine . . *Jigs Gardner*

CRITICISM of the so-called news magazines in general, and of *Time* in particular, is an activity almost as old as the magazines themselves. If the complaints have not been effective, the reason may be that they were badly aimed. To point out distortion, bias and falsification is certainly commendable, but, I am afraid, superficial. Such a critical approach, because it is both too serious and too frivolous, fails to discover the true nature of a product like *Time,* and thus fails to understand why so many seemingly intelligent people read it. The critics are too serious (earnest is perhaps a better word) because they accept *Time's* own statement that it is in fact a news magazine, and therefore they censure its shortcomings in that field. They are too frivolous in that they concentrate on the surface of *Time,* and do not really examine its literary style, probably the most revealing aspect of the magazine.

The kind of approach I am discussing was displayed by at least two reviewers of Edmund Wilson's *A Piece of My Mind* when it was published in 1956. Both writers took Wilson to task for the closing sentences of the book:

> When, for example, I look through *Life* magazine, I feel that I do not belong to the country depicted there, that I do not even live in that country. Am I, then, in a pocket of the past? I do not necessarily believe it. I may find myself here at the center of things—since the center can only be in one's head—and my feelings and thoughts may be shared by many.

The reviewers felt that this indicated oldfogeyism, a refusal by Wilson to cope with present reality, a withdrawal into outdated, nostalgic conceptions of America. They assumed, therefore, that a product like *Life* had some inherent validity and should be taken seriously on its own terms. I suspect that Wilson would make the same remarks about *Time,* and that his reviewers would be even more horrified. But Wilson, in his usual perceptive way, has implied something quite profound about such products. We miss the point when we criticize *Time* as a news magazine, because that is just what it is not, nor is it, as many have claimed, simply propaganda. It contains some news and plenty of propaganda, but it can be adequately explained only by seeing these elements as parts of something larger: *Time* is a weekly melodramatic fantasy, crude fiction, and that is the reason for its wide appeal. It must be analyzed as a work of art (of a rather low order, to be sure) if we are to understand that what we have been lightly dismissing as flaws of bad reporting are positive stylistic and plot devices of melodramatic fiction. The June 15 cover story on Lewis Strauss is a good, but not unusual, example of the artistry involved.

THE TALE is titled, "The Strauss Affair," which at once gives it an air of melodrama—it sounds like a cheap film. The first paragraph fulfills the expectations thus raised. It is a customary *Time* rendering of scene and dialogue and, though it *may* have happened like this (you never know), the important thing to observe is that truth or falsity is here irrelevant. In melodrama what matters is the immediate and vivid creation of scene, character and dialogue:

> Along a dim corridor outside the U.S. Senate chamber one evening strode a big, round-shouldered man with a conspicuous smile curling on lips that more often turn soberly downward. New Mexico's Democratic Senator Clinton P. Anderson was obviously happy with his thoughts. Spotting Anderson alone in the corridor, a newsman hurried up, asked a question heard constantly throughout Washington: "Will he make it?" Anderson paused, drew from his inside coat pocket a wellworn tally sheet, heavily marked with circles and underlines in blue ink. The smile tugged harder at the corners of his mouth. "I'm not worried anymore," said Clinton Anderson. "There will be enough votes."

I hardly need call attention to the melodramatic nature of the scene here described. Note, however, that in the "dim corridor" we are presented with a character, the antagonist in this drama, described in such a way as to identify him subtly as the villain. It is done not so much by the physical description, which is important chiefly to bring the fictional character to life. Rather, the style itself—specifically, a contrast in dramatic momentum—identifies Anderson as the villain. The third sentence, beginning with "spotting," builds up tension not only by the breathless question which climaxes it (made more dramatic by the unidentified "he" and "it"), but also by the *speed* of the sentence, starting with a dramatic verb (suggestive of a hurried, tracking movement) and omitting the conjunction before

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"asked." We feel, in the movement of the sentence, all the tension behind the reporter's haste and his question. But here speed stops, and with the change in stylistic momentum, Anderson's villainy begins. By the deliberation of his actions (plus the suggestions of unholy machinations in the "heavily marked" tally sheet) we see that Anderson *relishes* his position as the self-appointed destroyer of Strauss's hopes. His villainy is made even blacker when we read into the second paragraph, where *Time* endeavors to make us see Strauss as the protagonist (with whom we partly identify ourselves), and where the attempt to prevent his confirmation is described thus:

> . . . with the U.S. already the loser in one of the biggest, bitterest, and in many ways most unseemly confirmation fights in Senate history.

So, if Strauss's confirmation is as vital as the breathless description of the "newsman" would indicate, and if our country is "already the loser" because of Anderson's efforts, what are we to think of a man who takes such obvious delight in blighting Strauss's career? Without directly stating it, *Time* nevertheless makes the point in its style.

BY the time we have read the third paragraph, in which the opposition to Strauss is defined as the result of a "blood feud" between him and Anderson, necessitated by the "chemistry of personality" and the "conflict of ideas"—this second cause of conflict is never seriously considered in the article—we are aware not only of melodrama; we should see that this is going to be a battle of character. *Time* has several fictional modes in stock, ranging from the grandiose "moodpiece" to the Pete Smith Special, or heavily ironic comic interlude, but the issue of personality is nearly always raised. Why? One reason is that propaganda makes its strongest appeal to emotions, rather than to logic. Another reason can be found in *Time's* natural reluctance to handle intellectual conflicts, particularly when, as in this case, such an exploration would raise issues repugnant to its editors (like nuclear test suspension, fallout, etc.). But the main reason for reducing news to the emotional conflicts of personalities is that there lies the true basis for raw fiction. (The reason is very likely unconscious: *Time* workers probably believe their fictional, melodramatic view of the world.) Not only must the personalities in the news be made flesh and blood; the issues in the news must be made credible in the simplest emotional terms. How many people can appreciate the drama implicit in a novel of ideas, as compared with the number who require their drama in direct emotional terms?

The same confluence of reasons explains the tone adopted for the Strauss tale: it might be described as "more in sorrow than in anger." *Time* cannot vilify Anderson very obviously without mentioning some of the policy conflicts involved, so it must adopt a solemn, woeful aspect, and quietly knife Anderson while hiding all real issues behind a small shower of tears. The tone, however, is also a part of the over-all emotional distortion, and is thus a positive aspect of the story as fiction. It draws the reader in, makes him participate emotionally in the story.

FOR dramatic purposes, *Time* also likes to use affairs of state which already seem dramatic to the average reader, and nothing nowadays is more apt than the cold war. Time and again, the old scenery is dragged out of the Luce warehouse to perform much the same function as the battle with Norway which hovers over the action of *Hamlet*. It gives the drama a tension it would not have by itself. More than just a literary device, the cold war serves the editors as the known body of myths served the Greek dramatists: the mention of any incident, any place, any figure prominent in a myth assures the writer of a predictable response. The cold war comes into this tale when Strauss's connection with the production of the hydrogen bomb and the proceedings against Oppenheimer are mentioned. (A picture of Oppenheimer bears this caption: "Strauss fought him and the U.S. won." This, despite an attempt, earlier in the story, to absolve Strauss from taking the initiative in this infamous case.) Strauss, as a standard protagonist, appears of course on the "right side."

Although this is a character "study," it does not lack plot, or rather, structure; the tale moves, not in time, but spatially. It is not what happens next that matters, but the strategic placing of blocks of material and attitudes. The first two and a half paragraphs introduce the chief characters and arouse certain feelings toward them in the reader; the next five and a half place the confirmation debate in a wider context, defining the ethical background. Like most literary artists, *Time* recognizes the value of having some sort of moral backdrop for its hero. And it recognizes that, as in Greek tragedy, the fate of the tragic hero is always involved with the welfare of the state. This widens the scope and implicates all of us in what otherwise would be merely a personal tragedy. At the same time, it makes that tragedy seem more profound.

The next thirteen paragraphs dramatize Strauss's character: the first two make the rather prosaic point

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(but they make it melodramatically) that he impresses different people in different ways, and the following eleven attempt to explain this startling enigma by means of a brief biography or "puff," loaded with doses of Horatio Alger and the Public Servant. At the same time, but not in the body of the story, since this would slow the pace, we are given a boxed sketch of Anderson's career: it fills him out, gives him enough substance to stand as antagonist against the fully-developed hero. Strauss's biography completed, the rest of the tale returns to the present with the Strauss-Anderson conflict and the confirmation hearings, leaning heavily, as in the beginning, on the "blood feud."

ESSENTIALLY, then, the structure is this: confrontation of characters; presentation of moral issues; flashback to hero's youth, coming up to present (moral issues implicit here), coincidental with sketch of antagonist's career; return to character confrontation with hero fighting bravely but evidently perishing. The structure, as here outlined, suggests another aspect of *Time's* fiction: dramatic resolution. When the story was written, Strauss's fate had not yet been decided, but *Time* does its best with the material at hand, and what is most important to its addicts, gives at least the illusion of resolution. So, note the conclusion:

> But anyone who knew Lewis Strauss or his record also knew that he cared deeply about his confirmation. He has served too long in public life and fought too hard for the things in which he believes to take defeat easily. As the man who fought for the H-bomb, Lewis Strauss deserves his nation's gratitude. And that debt has been shabbily paid in the bickering, quibbling battle on Capitol Hill.

The simple, definite sentences, with their measured pace of solemn gravity, sum up the emotions which *Time* has tried to arouse in its readers, simultaneously with the expression of the relief of those emotions. The alloy of partisan propaganda prevents *Time* from taking the lofty tone of, say, Sophocles at the end of *Oedipus Rex,* but the attempt to express the customary tragic summation, "all passion spent" through catharsis, is obvious. It is the nature of news, when it is treated honestly, never to be so resolved; it is a measure of *Time's* ability to turn news into fiction that it is able every week, reporting the endless flux of events in time, to fix and order the loose ends of daily life in such a satisfying manner. Only by art is life made so dramatically coherent.

There remains an obvious question: If people read *Time* because they are indulging their taste for fiction, why don't they simply read novels? Part of the explanation is that the sort of people who like *Time's* fiction find less debased forms of literature inadequate to their needs. The chief complaint of these people is that literature is unreal, impractical, sissy stuff. One of the principal virtues of *Time* fiction, to their minds, is that it is not remote from their lives. Taught in school that literature consists mainly of flowery descriptions of impossibly pure females and equally pure and dull males, the typical *Time* addict welcomes fiction which springs from contemporary events.

But that does not quite answer the question. To do so, we must examine a *Time* device not yet discussed: the constant use of irrelevant detail. We are told the population of the town near which Anderson's father had a farm, Anderson's height and weight, Dirksen's middle name, and so on. Just in itself, the cumulative weight of details helps to make the narrative credible. Some of the earliest examples of this device in English are to be found in Daniel Defoe's novels. Defoe wanted the reader to accept *Robinson Crusoe* as if it were fact, not fiction; so, among other things, he filled his narrative with irrelevant detail in order to give the reader the sense of a *sincere presentation of the chaos of ordinary life, without intervention by the ordering force of art.* Defoe was something of a Puritan, writing with a strong sense of moral purpose, so that while he was writing fiction, he shared the Puritan dislike of imaginative literature as frivolous, effete and immoral. That, in part, is why his books are derived from historical events, why he is so careful to make his narrative seem authentic; not just true to life, but *true.* The pervasiveness of the Puritan ethic in this country, especially in our literature, is well known. From the preface to the *Bay Psalm Book* (our first printed book, 1640) to *Life* editorials on the novelist's duty, middle-class Americans have been peculiarly distrustful of imaginative literature. If they are going to read fiction, it must be heavily didactic, "improving." And it must be in close touch with contemporary practical affairs, if they are to avoid the guilty feeling that they are wasting their time. That is the main reason for irrelevant detail in *Time.* It appeals to people because it fulfills their desire for wildly fantastic, melodramatic fiction, under the guise of morally respectable news. It is permissible for the addict to indulge in his weekly fantasy, precisely because he doesn't see it as that; he thinks he's improving himself, "keeping up with things." Much like the avid encyclopedia reader, the *Time* addict unconsciously reassures himself that his indulgence is justified because the magazine provides him with good, solid, uplifting facts, like the information that Strauss's cattle farm contains 1,560 acres.

AND that, precisely, is what is so harmful about assuming that *Time* is really what it says it is: consciously we think of it as a mirror of the world, of a reality external to our inner imaginings; but what we are really reading is the twentieth-century Gothic novel. The usual apology—"I just read it to keep up with the news; I discount the bias"—is illusory. America must cultivate an alert, acute consciousness of itself and the world if it is to avoid disasters of a magnitude that might stun even the imaginative voice of *Time* into silence. Good literature admirably helps us in that endeavor; bad literature only confuses us about ourselves. But the fantastic fiction of *Time,* far from increasing our insights into ourselves or anything else, perpetuates a dreamlike unconsciousness toward our whole world. If you like thrilling drama, take your subscription money and buy a cheap edition of Shakespeare or Sophocles. Or, if you prefer not to think, buy some mystery stories. At least they're relatively harmless.

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AFTER THE TALKS, THE VISITS . . *by Frederick Kuh*

Geneva, August 6

THE WESTERN POWERS have bought a truce for Berlin on the installment plan. Britain's Harold Macmillan flew to Moscow last February. As a result of his conversations with Nikita Khrushchev, the Russians shelved their six-months' ultimatum of last November demanding that the Allies pull out of West Berlin. Then the Russians kept their hands off the city before and during the nine and a half weeks' negotiations among the Foreign Ministers in Geneva — said to be the longest Foreign Ministers' conference since the Congress of Vienna.

Now that the Geneva gathering has dispersed, will the Russians strike? The answer seems to be "surely not." They promised to stay their hand during the negotiations, and Gromyko has agreed that the negotiations are not ended, only recessed.

Still more important, the Eisenhower-Khrushchev exchange visits are pending, and it is almost unthinkable that Mr. Khrushchev would torpedo his own fondest dream as it nears fulfillment. Thus, starting with Macmillan's February mission, the Allies seem to have gained a standstill on West Berlin of almost one year's duration. The West won this tacit Soviet "concession" outside the Geneva conference room. The price was Mr. Eisenhower's invitation to Mr. Khrushchev. During the past year or so the Soviet Premier has blown hot and cold on a Big Four conference at the Summit, but he never wavered in his desire for bilateral talks with Mr. Eisenhower. That is the ultimate acknowledgment of Soviet power.

On balance, the USSR came out best at Geneva. The conference's most important development was East Germany's gradual advance toward wresting factual recognition from the West. It began on the opening day when the Russians succeeded in having East Germany seated in the room on a par with West Germany, and it remains the single most important event of the whole show.

While falling short of agreement, the discussions improved the climate of East-West relations. Throughout the Geneva performance there was none of the invective that characterized John Foster Dulles' feuds with Molotov and Vishinsky. Instead, a long round of gastronomical diplomacy and samovar working teas contributed to the atmosphere in which the exchange of visits could be set.

For many weeks an agreement on West Berlin was almost within reach, and eluded the Big Four mainly owing to one issue. The West called for a Soviet pledge to refrain from unilateral action against West Berlin even after a truce, say of two and a half years. The Russians reserved the right to strike after the moratorium. In short, the Geneva conference failed because the Soviets refuse to admit that the Allies have rights in West Berlin and that these shall continue unimpaired unless otherwise mutually agreed.

PROBLEMS other than Berlin are expected to feature in the Eisenhower-Khrushchev talks:

1. Disarmament: Without publicity, the Foreign Ministers in Geneva moved closer toward reopening discussions on arms limitation under the United Nations umbrella. Those talks were suspended nearly two years ago when Russia refused to continue as a minority of one in a five-nation subcommittee. Mr. Eisenhower is likely to agree to improve Russia's ratio in a new forum. A "surprise" communique, issued by the ministers at Geneva after the formalities were thought concluded, referred to "further negotiations" on disarmament in terms which, though extremely guarded, nevertheless imply that a basis for resumption of talks is already being explored.

2. Nuclear Tests: The American-British-Russian negotiations for a treaty to suspend nuclear explosions will soon enter their eleventh month, and the talks have just about reached the point at which only the heads of government can make the essential decisions. The crucial question is how many veto-free inspections per year shall be made on the territory of any nuclear power.

Also, Russia has refused to reopen the discussion of seismic data, following fresh information America supplied after last autumn's Nevada test explosions. Unless the Soviets drop that refusal the treaty cannot cover detection of underground bursts. Only Khrushchev can decide.

If he stands by his "No," President Eisenhower may still propose a partial treaty, banning nuclear explosions forever in all environments except underground, and providing for a certain number of veto-free inspections during a limited period. That would allow the three atomic powers to acquire confidence in one another. On almost all other articles of the proposed treaty the three are either agreed or in sight of agreement.

3. American-Soviet Relations: Even before First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan came to Washington last January, the Russians made clear they had bigger fish to fry than the Berlin sardine. They are eager for large American credits. They hope to ease suspicions so that they can divert resources from their military establishment to their vast economic expansion plans. And it will be surprising if the Middle and Far East, including China, do not enter the Eisenhower-Khrushchev conversations.

After the Foreign Ministers left Geneva, some French and West German diplomats put their heads together and produced this intriguing theory to account for the President's assent to exchange visits with Khrushchev: Macmillan's February mission to Moscow evoked a belief that the British Prime Minister was assuming Western leadership in dealing with Russia and would exercise that primacy at a Big Four Summit meeting. Throughout the Geneva conference, British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd rekindled the impression that at a heads of government gathering Britain might play first fiddle. Objections to an Eisenhower-Khrushchev twosome were thereupon withdrawn by the French and West Germans, who distrust what they consider British softness.

Why did success slip through the fingers of the Foreign Ministers? When the second round began on July 13, the American and Soviet governments already knew that the exchange of Eisenhower-Khrushchev visits was in the making. It seems probable that they thought to themselves, "Why should we patch up a makeshift accord in Geneva when our chiefs are about to throw major world issues into the hopper?" The big plus of the Washington-Moscow twosome may thus have caused the minus of the Geneva foursome.

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Cigarettes, Cancer and the Campus . . *by David Cort*

THE present moment in cancer research yields a certain amount of material that the layman can grasp, but it is hard to find. Despite recent cover stories on cancer in *Newsweek* (June 22) and *Time* (July 27), the big news on cancer was a July 9 dispatch that British mice had failed to get lung cancer after five years of inhaling cigarette smoke. This was reprinted "in the public interest" by the Tobacco Institute, at small cost when compared to the paid propaganda of the cigarette companies.

As for this great victory of the mice, the dean of English cancer researchers, the late Sir Ernest Kennaway, said in 1957, "Negative results of smoke inhalation experiments on rodents seem to me to be of no significance, because the animals, unlike smokers, keep their mouths shut and pass the smoke over their turbinates." Mice, in short, don't really enjoy the cigarette habit. They don't pull the smoke luxuriantly into the lungs after it has been heated inside the cigarette, briefly, to about 3,000° F.

Newsweek's story recounts the "miracle of modern surgery" on lung cancer, and miracle it is, except that after the surgery most of the patients are dead in two years, and 80 per cent in five years. "It seems unlikely," writes a great surgeon, "that further significant technical improvements will be forthcoming, nor can it be supposed that they will materially improve matters should they come." *Newsweek's* handling of the cigarette-cancer connection is the familiar one of confusion by verbosity.

Time's story, much more thoroughly researched, nevertheless repeats this technique, burying the first mention of cigarettes under 650 lines. It also introduces the Master Molecule, the Secret of Life—a thrilling new character, if true.

What is the cancer picture anyway?

In 1957, 255,000 Americans died from malignant neoplasis, i.e., cancer, as against 197,000 in 1948. Of course the total number of deaths also rose in that decade (from 1,444,000 to 1,636,000) but even so the cancer toll increased from 14 per cent to 16 per cent. Put in another way, annual cancer deaths were up from 1.34 per thousand of the living to 1.50 per thousand (*Time* makes it 1.3). Yet as late as 1930, cancer was considered under control at less than one death per thousand, and not provably on the increase except among older people. Something has been added since then.

Moreover, the present total figure conceals a lot of changes. Mortality has been reduced where the cancer occurs in "accessible sites"—skin, lip, tongue and mouth, bones, uterus. Breast cancer has remained about the same; but there has been improvement in such inaccessible sites as the esophagus in males and the stomach and intestine in females. Stomach and bladder cancer is generally on the decrease. Increases have come in pancreas, kidney and suprarenal cancer and in leukemia. But the massive increase has come in cancer of the lung and bronchus, a disease almost unknown fifty years ago, now accounting for nearly 15 per cent of all cancer deaths, and moving up fast.

THE earlier idea that cancer might be a "spontaneous" growth disease has been abandoned; and hundreds of cancer-causing agents, or carcinogens, have been isolated. Some of these are 4-aminodiphenyl, asbestos, benzidine, 2-napthylamine, certain mineral oils, chimney soot, coal-tar, radioactive materials, sodium arsenite and cigarette smoke, all effective in man.

A carcinogen evidently changes the nature of the cells some time after the host has been exposed, but cancer will not appear for some further time up to twenty-five years. The carcinogens are of an immense variety of chemical types and operate by very different biochemical routes. The question is whether they do not all at some point bring about a change that is chemically and genetically the same, leading to the wild, untamable growth of the cancer. After the change has taken place, it does not seem to save the individual to avoid further exposure to the carcinogen. By then the cancer, though not visible to the microscope, is irreversible.

This mystery is at the agonizing center of cancer research.

Can anything be done until it is solved? Well, we can at least keep carcinogens away from people; and the primary one here is cigarette smoke.

Various statistics on the percentage of heavy cigarette smokers in total deaths from lung cancer put it from 40 times to 60 times as high as for non-smokers. Light cigarette smokers and pipe and cigar smokers (who do not inhale) fall in between. In all diseases except lung cancer, heavy smokers are only slightly worse off than non-smokers. All men get over six times as many lung cancers as all women; but non-smoking men have the same rates as women.

Don't you begin to see a suspicious connection between lung cancer and cigarettes?

What is smoking? Here we may quote Kennaway again:

> The smoking of tobacco involves a number of fundamental processes which all give rise to products found in the smoke. These are: (1) combustion, producing oxides of carbon and water; (2) thermal decomposition, occurring in or near the hot zone and giving rise to a number of products which are either subsequently burnt or distilled away into the mainstream smoke; (3) distillation, proceeding in close proximity to the smouldering zone and giving vapours that condense in cooler zones; and (4) steam distillation, occurring mainly during the suction period and responsible for carrying quantities of tobacco constituents and thermal decomposition products into the smoke at a relatively low temperature. It therefore follows that many of the more volatile constituents of the original tobacco are found in the smoke and that, in addition, products of combustion and thermal decomposition are present. With the latter must be included subsequent reaction

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products which originate from primary decompositions.[1]

He appends a list of more than 110 elements and compounds found in tobacco, and 150 found in tobacco smoke, including ten proved carcinogens.

The English are particularly interested in lung cancer because it kills two 55-year-old Englishmen out of every 1,000 living, as against only one American male of the same age and slightly higher percentages for the Danes, Swiss, Dutch and Germans. One clue to the difference may be that the English throw away a much shorter cigarette butt—23 mm., as against an American's 33 mm. It has been proved that the higher the materials are heated, the more potent are the carcinogens that are ingested. Most of those in tobacco are polycyclic hydrocarbons of aromatic type. Acetylene is a product of the decomposition which forms carcinogens.

THE FACT that many doctors smoke cigarettes has an effect on popular opinion. In recent interviews with men-on-the-street, one of them answered, "I think all this lung cancer talk is a lot of baloney. If it was really true, you'd see a lot of doctors quitting smoking, and this I have not seen." A doctor is not immune to habit; and by no means will all heavy smokers die of cancer. Still, the profession ought to set an example. Most young doctors are said to have stopped smoking.

If it is true that the lung carcinogens require about twenty-five years to mature a cancer (and that is the period of widespread cigarette smoking), we may be on the threshold of a still more formidable explosion of lung cancer. Some bloodstrains seem to be relatively impervious to cancer: this reflection is the last recourse of resolute optimists. Indeed, it is my own. Middle-aged smokers must now take their chances on having some hereditary immunity to lung cancer, or dying of something else first. The young, however, can still be free of such weary thoughts.

And so the tobacco industry is proud to report an increase in youthful smokers, so that total U. S. consumption of cigarettes is up 20 per cent in five years, though many adults have quit smoking. In view of what has been given here, this tactless brag is equivalent to announcing a war that will kill off more American men than World War II did, and on the average more painfully.

Somebody reacted properly to this threat. In Jacksonville, Florida, school principals, the medical society and the American Cancer Society combined to put on an anti-smoking educational program in eighteen high schools. The effect can be judged by the pupils' favorite question: "How do I get my parents to quit smoking?" Similar campaigns will be put on next fall in the schools of New York City and possibly some other Southern cities. New York has even asked the tobacco industry to contribute its support.

In Canada, a movement to ban cigarettes entirely was converted into a more realistic campaign to require cigarette advertising to state the tar content of the cigarette (the tar content of the hot smoke is more important) instead of "conveying the erroneous idea that filter tips can protect the smoker against lung cancer."

Where, then, would you expect the cigarette companies to aim their heaviest barrage of advertising? Where else but at the colleges, since nursery, grammar and high schools are evidently out of bounds? And, in fact, the main support of college newspapers and magazines in America is now, and has been for many years, cigarette advertising.

Tareyton tells the colleges, "Hooray for college students! They're making new Dual Filter Tareyton the big smoke on American campuses! Are you part of this movement? If so, thanks. If not, try 'em!" (Do today's college boys think in exclamation points?)

Viceroy develops "Do You Think For Yourself?" with a quiz, e.g., "Do you believe that the expression 'Every cloud has a silver lining' is (a) sticky sentimentality? (b) optimism with a poetic license? (c) faulty meteorology?" and "In choosing a filter cigarette, would you depend (a) on the claims you read and hear? (b) on satisfying *yourself* that you're getting the right filtration and taste? (c) on the recommendations of your friends?" If you answered (b) to both of these, you think for yourself and ". . . usually smoke Viceroys."

Winston shows dressed-up busts of Napoleon and Archimedes. Thus: "The mystery is solved! Napoleon's famous gesture was just to reassure himself that he had plenty of cigarettes." And of Archimedes: "You can reproduce the experiment. It's easy as pi. . . . Simply light your first Winston and smoke it. . . . Eureka!" And then, of course and inevitably, "Winston tastes good—like a cigarette should!"

Equally brainy, Lucky Strike runs a contest for examples of "Thinklish." In this game, Viking oarsmen are Norsepower, dog pound is muttropolis. Of "delegates to a jazz convention," Lucky Strike deposes, "the hepresentatives come from all schools of jazz: hot, cool, and room temperature. But they're in perfect harmony on one point: the honest taste of a Lucky Strike. Get Luckies yourself. (You'll trumpet their praises.)"

In a matter that concerns the preservation of the race, such a narrowly aimed advertising campaign, for all its genial jokes and exclamation points, can easily be regarded as a frivolously treasonable conspiracy.

THE TOBACCO industry, despite its sales figures, has actually been frightened by the Jacksonville school children. It had already tacitly admitted, with filter cigarettes, that all was not well. The use of the dread word, "tars," in advertising narrowed it down further. Now the propaganda issued by the newly formed Tobacco Institute may even mention cancer.

Half a dozen new filter cigarettes with beautiful, clean names will presently be on the market—Life and Belair and Spring and Alpine. They have caught the point that the heat of the cigarette increases the carcinogens and so try to cripple the

[1] "Some Possible Exogenous Factors in the Causation of Lung Cancer" by Kennaway and A. J. Lindsey. Published in British Medical Bulletin, "Causation of Cancer," May, 1958.

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draught with various filters, baffles, dampers and porous papers.

Into this desperate arena has strolled a joker worthy of Hans Christian Andersen. Under the name of Bantob, contracted from ban-tobacco, he has issued a cigarette called Vanguard, tested in Dayton, Ohio. This solves the whole problem by using something other than tobacco, a heavily guarded mystery "natural fiber." The best part of the jest is that it pays no taxes and thus gives the retailer a gigantic profit.

It is a pity to have to point out that even burning hay undoubtedly produces carcinogens, and that they might be even more deadly than the tobacco tars. It is to be hoped that the citizenry will not try rolling their own with shredded wheat or corn flakes.

Faced with a satirist of the caliber of Bantob's inventor society comes to an end of the small jokes. The next step is an imaginary cigarette.[2]

[2] There is on the market an "imaginary cigarette," consisting of a plastic tube lightly flavored, which has found favor with those who just like to suck. *The Editors.*

THE USELESS WEAPON . . *by Patrick Lort-Phillips*

London

WHEN the West confronts the problem of defense, it displays a mode of behavior that suggests to most of us, as amateur psychologists, a malady known as obsessional neurosis. The victim of this disorder is driven to take certain actions to allay his fears or anxieties; but since his actions alleviate symptoms only, without removing the basic cause of his fears, his relief is only temporary. Thus he is compelled to repeat his useless actions endlessly, and the more useless they turn out to be, the greater the compulsion to repeat them.

So it is with nations in the West. We seek security but can't find it. We therefore fall back on actions which, in the past, once provided us with security: we devise bigger and better weapons, and multiply them to the limit of our resources in an orgy of make-believe. And security remains as far off as ever. We have become, in other words, obsessional neurotics.

Now the truth is that nuclear weapons cannot defend us. Our own nuclear weapons will destroy the enemy; they may destroy all mankind; but they cannot save us, because we ourselves are destroyed in the process. Those who talk bravely and glibly about fighting a nuclear war should ponder on the evidence which General Gavin recently gave before the Armed Services Committee of the U.S. Senate, and the figures of probable casualties put out by the United States Civil Defense Administration in the event of a U.S.-Soviet nuclear exchange. Casualties of the order of 100 million are to be expected in the *first twenty-four hours.*

This is not war. This is suicide. It is no reflection on our courage and resourcefulness that we cannot accept casualties of this order and still carry on. Indeed, it is a measure of our civilization and our humanity that we instinctively recoil from them.

Nuclear war is not a rational act. It may be thrust upon us, but we can never invoke it. If it comes, there is neither victory nor even survival; there is only disaster. Against an enemy armed with nuclear weapons, and determined to use them, we can no longer defend ourselves in the proper sense of the word "defend." And this is a new, painful and utterly bewildering situation, for which there is no precedent in history.

IF DEFENSE is impossible, what about deterrence? Nuclear deterrence is a gigantic form of bluff. It is a game of poker in which the object is to persuade your opponent to believe the unbelievable—that in certain circumstances you will commit suicide rather than submit. It is essentially unbelievable because most of us work on the principle that "while there's life, there's hope."

The credibility of the nuclear deterrent today is very thin indeed. In our obsessional state of mind, we are apt to forget that any threat must be credible if it is to be effective. So often one hears it said: "Of course, we have no intention of using these weapons, but we must have them in order to threaten the enemy."

But if we have no intention of using them, there is no real threat, and no one will be frightened by our threatening postures. The credibility of our threat depends entirely on the enemy's calculations of the circumstances in which we would of a certainty use our nuclear weapons. This underlines the importance to us of knowing our own mind. We must know and fully understand just when we are to press that fatal button. If the answer is "Never," then we might as well dismantle the whole apparatus of nuclear deterrence. If we bluff, knowing that we cannot play the cards in our hand, then one day our bluff will be called—with fatal results.

A good poker player might still get away with playing the hand if the players were evenly matched. But they are not. Nuclear deterrence is a form of blackmail, and not all nations are equally adept at the art. Blackmail is essentially the weapon of the unscrupulous. The Hitlers of this world are not easily deterred—nor were the Kamikaze pilots of Japan, as many a Navy man will remember to this day. Such people are prepared to go down in a blaze of glory, dragging civilization with them. We are not. The nuclear deterrent, so far from deterring all alike, places a positive and over-

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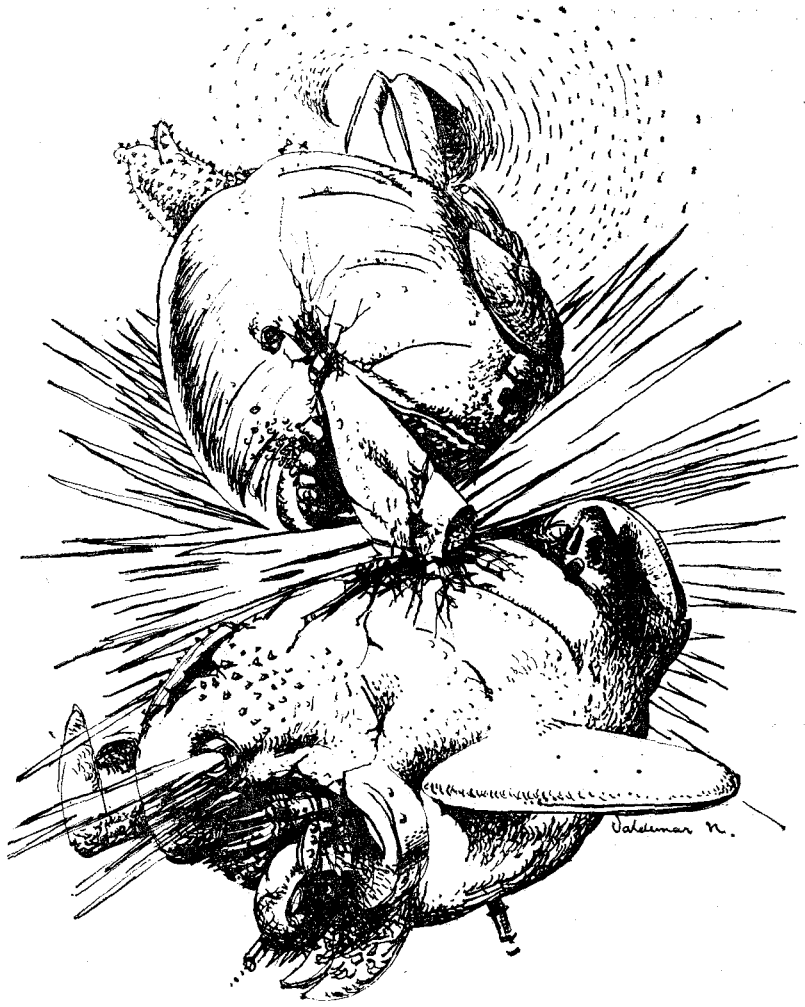
whelming advantage in the hands of the irresponsible, the unscrupulous and the insane.

But even this is not the full story. The deterrent is fatally limited in its application, even when the determination to use it exists. Nuclear war is the end: the end of us, the end of Russia, perhaps the end of mankind. We cannot therefore use the H-bomb till the end, when all is already lost and there is nothing more to lose. We cannot use it to bolster up lesser ends. We could not use it to save Hungary; we cannot use it to save West Berlin. We cannot, and this is the crux of the matter, use it to *save* anyone or anything. All we can do is to avenge ourselves after we are dead.

This being so, we cannot use it as an aid to diplomacy, either to frighten Russia or to reassure our friends. President Eisenhower has threatened to use the deterrent if West Berlin is overrun by the Russians. Nobody will doubt the honor and integrity of the President; but how many Americans have stopped to think of the consequences of that threat: thirty to forty million Americans burnt to death that selfsame day, and at least as many Russians. Berlin, of course, will not have been saved, but perhaps that is beside the point. It needs a cool gambler to play for these stakes. And it is not a case of just one bluff. The game may have to go on for decades. Can it possibly do so? I doubt it.

THE H-BOMB, I repeat, is not a gambit to be used in the council chamber; it is not a garment with which to clothe a naked and self-conscious foreign minister. We can, perhaps, threaten our small and inoffensive neighbors, provided always they are not clients of Moscow, but this form of diplomacy has little appeal to a civilized nation.

There is one thing, and one thing alone, which the nuclear deterrent will do. It will deter two reasonably civilized powers from waging total nuclear war against each other. This is the Balance of Impotence. The two will be deterred from waging total nuclear war, but *from nothing else*. In all other spheres of action their freedom is unimpaired.



Drawing by Valdemar Nissen

It is to try to overcome this Balance of Impotence that the West has turned its attention to the possibilities of tactical nuclear weapons, and the theory of the graduated deterrent. The assumptions of this theory are that since (1) nobody can win in an all-out nuclear war and (2) we cannot compete against Russia with conventional weapons, because our people are not prepared to make the necessary sacrifices, therefore (3) we should arm ourselves with tactical nuclear weapons so that we may redress our supposed numerical inferiority by means of our supposed technical superiority. Unhappily, the climactic assumption is false. We have no significant superiority over the Russians in military technology. *Tactical* nuclear weapons can no more restore the balance of power in our favor than can *strategic* nuclear weapons. The Russians can match us at any point on the escalator.

It is said that the West cannot defeat Russia without tactical nuclear weapons. This is no doubt true. But it is equally true that the West cannot defeat Russia *with* them. We cannot defeat Russians with any weapons, if by "defeat" we mean gaining a victory that can be rationally exploited.

The decision taken in 1954 to base NATO planning on the adoption of tactical nuclear weapons was expressly designed to make up for the West's lack of manpower by additional fire power. But the trouble with NATO planning is that the High Command cannot make up their minds what sort of war they are planning to fight.

The British Defense White Paper of 1958 states categorically that the purpose of the Allied Forces in Europe is to "hold a front until the strategic nuclear bombardment takes effect." This makes no sense at all, because in any nuclear exchange on

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that scale, Britain would be totally destroyed within the hour, and the British component of the Allied Forces would hardly have much stomach for the fight. Nor, for that matter, would anyone else. As an adjunct to strategic nuclear war, NATO is quite useless.

The school of thought advocated by Henry A. Kissinger in *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* (Harper's) holds that the NATO forces should be armed with tactical nuclear weapons so that they can fight and *win* a limited war in Europe. Mr. Kissinger maintains that the NATO forces, even though smaller than Russia's, could do this successfully because there is an "inherent upper limit" to the size of armies which can be deployed on a nuclear battlefield.

But, in fact, this concept of a limited battlefield effectively presents game, set and match to Russia. Under such conditions, the Soviet Union could make a limited advance into Germany with a minimum of manpower and a maximum of tactical nuclear weapons, and from this advanced position grind Western Europe into atomic dust in the guise of limited tactical operations. NATO's own tactical weapons would help to complete the process, and any stray long shots would destroy Poland. The Soviet Union herself would remain unscathed, and the decision to enlarge the war into a full-scale thermonuclear exchange would be placed firmly on Western shoulders. The fallacy behind this strategy lies in the belief that to win a war with nuclear weapons, it is necessary to invade and occupy a country. Elimination is cheaper and more effective than occupation.

A rather wistful point of view is put forward by Lincoln Gordon of Harvard University, writing in the current *Yale Review*. He believes that the NATO shield forces should be capable of destroying, *with nuclear arms*, a maximum Soviet attack which does not employ nuclear weapons. Why the Soviets should launch a maximum, or any other, attack against the West without nuclear weapons, simply in order to allow the West to have an advantage in repelling them, is not explained.

Why should Russia launch a major attack against the West at all without a clear-cut objective and without having made every reasonable preparation for success? Are we to assume that the Russian High Command is composed of simpletons or lunatics?

A MAJOR war between Russia and the West no longer makes sense. Total war is too deadly to be waged, and the question which remains is whether a *limited* war between them is a rational possibility. Is it reasonable to hope that by means of some self-denying ordinance, or some set of phony rules, either side can hope for a satisfactory result from some lesser combat? I do not think so. The graduated deterrent does not deter; only the ultimate deterrent can do that. The theory of the graduated deterrent is based on the assumption that the would-be aggressor will play the game according to a carefully graduated set of rules which are designed to favor the defender. It assumes that the Russians will always deploy fewer forces and lighter weapons in an act of aggression than the West can bring to bear in defense. But this is absurd.

Russia outnumbers the West in military manpower (not, be it noted, in potential manpower, but in manpower actually serving in the armed forces). It is at least the equal of the West in nuclear and military technology. It has the advantage of interior lines, and can concentrate a greater military force, more quickly, at any point on its periphery than the West can possibly counter. If the Soviet Union wishes to attack its neighbors, it can choose the time, the place and the weapons, and can deploy sufficient forces to achieve the objective.

Is it conceivable that Russia would undertake any act of aggression without making full use of these advantages? I cannot believe it. The West cannot prevent a surprise act of aggression by the Soviet Union. All we have the power to do is to turn a limited war into a total war. This is our trump card. Yet this card — the ring of strategic nuclear bases by which Russia is surrounded, and which renders Russia's quest for nuclear security as empty as ours — can never be played without invoking our own ruin. In the past, we could lose the first battle and still go on to win the war. Today, if we lose the first battle, we can only go on to pull down the pillars of the Temple on our heads.

THIS IS the reason why NATO strategy today is so utterly inadequate. The idea of the sword and the shield is good in theory; but the two are essentially complementary, and circumstances have now divorced them. The shield is not strong enough on its own to provide safety, and the sword is frozen in its scabbard by the nemesis which it holds for its user.

There is no military solution to the problem. This is the paradox of the H-bomb. For thousands of years, men have striven to perfect their weapons, hoping to find security in ultimate military strength. Now the perfect weapon has been found, *and it is useless.* Man only wants to destroy his enemy: he has no wish to destroy himself at the same time. But this is the price of the perfect weapon. There is no way out of the impasse by pressing on. More weapons can, of course, still be made, but they will serve little purpose. With nuclear weapons, enough is as good as a feast.

War must have a rational objective if it is to be useful. Even to survive is a rational objective. But with nuclear war there is no rational objective, for no one survives. Thus total war, in which unlimited force is used to secure unconditional surrender, has been rendered obsolete.

If the use of the force is to be rational, the objectives themselves must be limited and rational. To say this is not to imply that nations will in fact act rationally. We cannot guarantee that another Hitler may not arise; but if he does, and if he secures nuclear weapons, then no amount of force on our part will save us. This particular consideration underlines the importance of stopping the spread of nuclear weapons.

Any nation, armed with nuclear weapons, and under unscrupulous leadership, can now destroy the world, *and there is nothing we can do about it by force of arms.* This is where we have to start thinking afresh.

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Man: the Virtuous Animal

A HISTORY OF WESTERN MORALS. By Crane Brinton. Harcourt, Brace & Co., 502 pp. $7.50.

Hans Meyerhoff

WHEN you set out to write *A History of Western Morals,* the most difficult problem you are up against is that of accommodating the enormous, practically unlimited, amount of pertinent material. The job can be done only by making a careful selection of data and by adopting an explicit frame of reference.

Mr. Brinton has solved this problem admirably. He is a superb craftsman in the history of ideas, with an astonishing mastery over his material and an enviable skill at presenting it. Reading his study I asked myself repeatedly: how is it possible to pack so much—a survey of Western morals from the ancient Egyptians to our Russian contemporaries—into so little, a single volume of 500 pages? Moreover, both organization and interpretation of this vast material are graced by a literary style so elegant, urbane and enjoyable that the reader may wrongly conclude that the book caused the author no trouble at all.

Two major concepts bring order into this far-flung enterprise. The first is the concept of a moral ideal. The record shows a great variety of moral ideals or "of what men have held up as the *admirable human being*" in history. Here is a partial list of the ideal moral types developed in the Western world: the ideal of the Homeric hero, say, Achilles; the ideal of the Periclean age; the Stoic (moral) hero, the Hebrew prophet, the Christian saint, the medieval knight; the ideal types of the Renaissance, the French Empire, the Puritan Revolution; the moral ideal of the English gentleman, the French *philosophie*, the Prussian *Junker*; the romantic ideal; the moral ideals of science and business; and, lastly, the ideal man of the new Soviet society. Thus, in one respect, this history of morals is a series of ideal portraits of moral excellence, and their variations, in the Western world.

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The other unifying concept is conflict. Mr. Brinton uses the Greek term *agon* to designate a class of phenomena—from warfare, economic competition and the class struggle to the battle of the sexes, gamesmanship, and status-seeking—for which the words "conflict" or "contest" are perhaps the closest English equivalents. In short, he holds with Heraclitus that conflict (*polemos*) is the father of all things, at least of things human. "Western man is the eternal contestant, and there are never prizes enough; but the nature of the contest, its goals and its prizes, the relative number of those who may participate in it, even its rules, vary greatly—or we should have no history of morals, or history of any kind." Thus, in another respect, this history of morals is a record of the rules by which this game, the moral *agon,* has been played at different times, in different societies, and by different groups in the Western world.

What does one learn from the game? Mr. Brinton is too modest, I think, or perhaps too circumspect, in claiming to write a "conclusion in which nothing is concluded." Both this chapter and the penultimate chapter called "The Problem of Moral Progress" present a substantial summary of findings. These findings should be of great interest to readers, including professional philosophers and theologians, who tend to think (wrongly, I believe) that their understanding of the nature, function and meaning of morality in human life is soundest when they pay no attention to the historical evidence. Following Mr. Brinton's lead—and at the risk of getting lost in blind alleys where he would not follow—I shall set forth, briefly and dogmatically, a few summary reflections, partly his, partly my own, that may be significant or provocative or both.

IN THE beginning is the cliché. "The cliché is unavoidable," says Mr. Brinton. "The record shows no moral progress comparable to our material progress." There is no moral progress in two senses: (1) There is no evidence that the actual conduct of human beings has improved, i.e., has come closer "to the ethical ideals" they profess. (2) There is no evidence that the moral ideals themselves have improved since the dawn of conscience.

Strictly speaking, the varieties of ideal types of moral conduct are incommensurable one with another. They cannot be compared or evaluated on moral grounds. There seems to be no adequate moral criterion for preferring, say, the Stoic hero to the Christian knight or the enlightened hedonist to the virtuous Puritan. In their exemplary, "ideal" form, all types seem to be equally human and equally "admirable," i.e., deserving of (qualified) praise as models for the good life. In their defective, degenerate forms, all types, again, are equally human and equally "bad."

Thus the reasons why a certain ideal type gains dominance at a certain time and place are not moral. The question why medieval courtly love or romantic passionate love becomes an ideal moral type in Western culture cannot be explained in terms of the intrinsic (moral) superiority of one type over another. To the extent to which we understand these historical changes at all, we must invoke extrinsic, non-moral facts of life, e.g., biological, psychological, economic, or sociological facts. This does not mean that morality is sociology, or that it is "nothing but" an ideological superstructure or introjected superego. Moral systems, as Mr. Brinton rightly insists, are autonomous; they have their own logic and consequences; but it is *not* the inherent logic, nor the intrinsic worth, of a moral ideal that propels it into prominence at a certain time and place so that it commands general acceptance. Its emergence seems to depend upon its function in a specific cultural situation. There are always a number of ideal moral systems to choose from. Which one is chosen depends upon the social and human realities in the world.

IN this sense, it is difficult to avoid some kind of historical relativism, even though Mr. Brinton points out that "the most striking constant in the history of Western ethical ideals is the general reprobation that intellectuals, men of affairs, and the many alike give to all extreme forms of ethical relativism." At any rate, the historical record suggests strongly, if not convincingly, that the philosopher's quest for *the* moral ideal, the one and only blueprint for the good life, is a delusion or an expression of intellectual *hubris.*

The moral conduct of man spans a wide spectrum; but it is possible to distinguish, as Mr. Brinton does, roughly three positions on this moral spectrum. (1) The ordinary human being occu-

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pies the middle—or the Aristotelian mean. He avoids both extremes. He is, as Mencken complained, neither particularly good nor particularly bad. (2) The moral hero, or saint, approximates the extreme of the moral ideal. (3) The moral radical chooses the opposite extreme. He may become, or be called, a criminal.

There is no human life (not even criminal life) without morality—without a definite set of rules, both moral and legal, according to which the game is played. Morality has usually, but not always, been associated with religious sanctions. Even when it is divorced from religious beliefs, morality invariably reflects, and is conditioned by, what Mr. Brinton reluctantly calls a world view, i.e., a *Weltanschauung* or a general, non-technical philosophy of life. Religious beliefs do not seem to make any essential difference in moral conduct. The good and the bad are distributed equally among believers and non-believers. Christianity poses a special problem in the Western world because, in theory, it has always subscribed to the moral ideal of the Sermon on the Mount; in practice—with the exception of some monastic or sectarian movements—it has always subscribed to the double, yes, multiple standards of the ideal type that have been dominant in Western culture and to which the Church, as the institutional guardian of the ethics of Jesus, has shown remarkable powers of accommodation.

Morality is practical. As some recent philosophers would say, the moral language and rules we use have a job to do. The historical record seems to suggest, if not prove, that the primary function of morality in human life has been what we tend to call inhibitory or repressive. The materials of morals are human emotions—more specifically, love and hate. All the so-called virtues which, according to Mr. Brinton, have remained relatively constant throughout history prescribe conduct that is called "moral" because it controls, regulates, tames and disciplines the expression of emotions in action. In fact, discipline and self-control have themselves become primary virtues. The seven deadly sins are various modes of yielding to the emotions in the raw. There is a kind of military flavor about moral virtues—except such virtues as charity, compassion, sympathy, friendship and loving-kindness. Even these virtues, however, especially in their ideal (or Christian) sense, require the taming and transforming of natural impulses. Turning the other cheek is impossible without an almost unbelievable self-control.

Morality, however, is natural as well as artificial. It is artificial in the sense that we are not born with it and that there is no single "natural" ideal system of ethics—except for the true believer. Morality is natural in the sense that there are no human beings without it. We would not call a person "human" unless he developed this capacity, at least to a minimum degree.

MR. BRINTON distinguishes two polar movements in the history of morals. One movement is "between periods, groups—and perhaps whole societies—of great moral laxity and those of great moral strictness." Human conduct seems to swing from an excessive emphasis upon the repressive and ascetic aspects of morality to a violent and, perhaps, excessive revolt against this extreme, and abuse, of morality. The second polarity is between moral conservatism and liberalism. A moral conservative is a person who tends to believe (1) that, given the unruly, rebellious nature of man, there cannot be enough safeguards to tame, discipline and quiet him down; and (2) that any departure from the accepted norm, from "conformism to established ways," must be a change for the worse. The moral liberal is a person who tends to believe (1) that, change being the supreme law in the nature of things, including human beliefs and institutions, every accepted norm deserves to be overthrown, or replaced; and (2) that the defense of the *status quo* for its own sake is a sign of moral deterioration—or plain injustice.

This polar movement, I think, might be expanded or expressed differently. There are those who believe—whether in the name of common sense, philosophy, or theology—that morality, in order to provide true and lasting security, must be a permanently fixed and closed system; or, at least, that the basic principles of morality must be unchanging and absolute. There are others who believe that this type of moral absolutism is, at best, an article of faith; at worst, a disguised prejudice, and that morality cannot be anything but an open, tentative system reflecting a permanently unfinished human enterprise. Freedom, and risk, would then be metaphysical categories superseding one's commitment to any given moral system.

Again, there is this difference: there are those who claim that morality, in order to be effective, must be imposed and sanctioned by a will or Being beyond man. It may be God's will or the will of the Church as expressed in an encyclical; it may be Rousseau's general will or the will of the constitution. In each case, the authority and justification of morality derive from something beyond man's own will; and the individual is expected to submit to this higher authority or superior source of knowledge. There are others who feel that a morality so imposed (and accepted) is incompatible with human dignity, and that man is free only to the extent to which he obeys rules that are self-imposed.

FINALLY, there is a puzzle that may have a special bearing upon our own situation and, possibly, upon the future. It is not enough to say that morality serves to curb the old Adam in man in order to make him human; for being-human is an ambiguous phrase and loaded with moral commitments. The question is not whether morality is repressive or not. It always is—even for the Nietzschean immoralist. The question is, repressive for what? It makes a great deal of difference whether we look upon religion, as Mr. Brinton seems to do, primarily as a "sedative," i.e., whether we consider it an indispensable means, possibly a necessary evil, for consoling and reassuring people, for enabling them to survive and endure in the worst possible world; or whether we demand something more than this spirit of resignation and submission. The traditional moral virtues have not only a military flavor, but also a distinctly gloomy and drab quality, aesthetically most unattractive, which may be the reason why they did not appeal to periods and groups with a taste for beauty and for the enjoyment of life. The question is whether this must always be the case, whether it is utopian and illusory to think—a typical case of the foolish cult of the "Fully Enlightened," as Mr. Brinton scornfully calls the heirs of Voltaire—that there may come a time and a future race of men who would feel free to live, and enjoy life, without religious tranquilizers and who would also feel that morality makes sense only if it be a means for liberating human powers hitherto gone to waste and for making possible an enjoyment of life heretofore the prerogative of the happy few who did not take the official morality too seriously.

But these speculations have far outrun the course of a conventional review. In fact, I have violated the rules of the game by raising issues which the reader must find puzzling without a knowledge of *A History of Western Morals*. If so, perhaps he will read the book itself; which would be his reward, and my excuse, for following an irregular procedure.

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Common Sense Without Pity

THE TEMPLE OF THE GOLDEN PAVILION. By Yukio Mishima. Introduction by Nancy Wilson Ross. Alfred A. Knopf. 262 pp. $4.

ZEN AND JAPANESE CULTURE. By Daisetz T. Suzuki. Bollingen Books. 477 pp. $8.50.

JAPAN: ANCIENT BUDDHIST PAINTINGS. UNESCO World Art Series. New York Graphic Society. $18.

BEAT ZEN, SQUARE ZEN, & ZEN. By Alan W. Watts. City Lights Books. San Francisco. 32 pp. 75c.

Lincoln Kirstein

IT IS RARE to find a single book that needs only to be noticed rather than reviewed; here are four. It is enough to say: get these books, read them, look at the pictures. Not that those competent to estimate fiction, painting or philosophy may not judge, but here the criticism is finally more a judge of the critic than of the object. However, the best of books don't sell themselves with sufficient immediacy; here are a few reasons why you might want these four.

To begin with the most immediate: Yukio Mishima is the best Japanese novelist since Junichiro Tanizaki. His story, here over-lengthily entitled *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion*, (Kinkaku-ji, the site-name, would have been ample), is the best novel from Japan since Tanizaki's *The Makioka Sisters*, that other great portrait in depth of contemporary life. But Tanizaki's chronicle, granting its inexhaustible observation of family fabric, never raises itself to the grandeur of myth. It spells truth; it admits us to homes we could never otherwise penetrate. Having read it, no upper or lower-middle-class Japanese person sitting opposite us on train or tram can ever be wholly unfamiliar. This is Tanizaki's power and limit. His universe is the strictly Japanese archipelago of middle-class life.

Mishima is more. His subject, too, is first of all Japan — in a climate at once profoundly traditional and entirely contemporary. Mishima knows New York well, and Athens, Mexico, Paris and Asia. He is the youthful peer of Gide and Genet. But also, his story is a supranational essay in psychology and metaphysics, set in the atmosphere of one of the world's influential religious systems. It contains a series of portraits and situations that construct a roaring narrative. Not since Malraux's *La Condition Humaine* has there been a translation from history into such legendary permanence.

Ostensibly, it is the story of "a senseless act." Lovers of Japanese architecture, indeed of art in general, were scandalized when, in 1950, a young acolyte of one of the three Zen temples in Kyoto, burned the Golden Pavilion, first built in 1394, but thereafter repeatedly consumed by fires and rebuilt. It became a national crime, comparable to the Loeb-Leopold case. Why did he do it? He must have been Mad. He is mad, although still alive in some clean asylum. However, after the novel appeared, the authorities must have been hard put to keep him there, unless he is a progressive schizoid, a supposition for which there is no evidence in Mishima's translucent analysis. The Golden Pavilion shines again; some say the phoenix on top is too bright. Part of the brilliance may derive from two superb works of art inspired by its latest transfiguration, Mishima's novel, and the film *Enjo* (Conflagration) made from it.* Mishima, who had nothing to do with script or shooting, said it was better than his book. He is too modest, but it is a great film.

BOTH the publisher's presentation of the novel and the fact that most Americans may never see *Enjo* focuses the present inadequacy of communication between America and Japan. The novel is beautifully translated by Ivan Morris, a task that for complexity, poetics and exactness, must have been fiendishly difficult. Knopf, having obtained this English text, then lost its nerve and provided Mishima with a maidenly, prolix, inaccurate and unnecessary introduction by the popular novelist, Nancy Wilson Ross. Should you read it before the book itself, it may well stop you. Mishima is a master of exposition, even in his maze of Zen riddles; his story is a gloss on one of the greatest. Miss Ross writes like a trained nurse: Let us not be shocked; let us try, try, try to understand.

The film *Enjo* is not exactly Mishima's novel. It is free-fantasia on top of it. Even in Japan, you can still get only so far with the facts of life on

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN brought the musicians and dancers of the Japanese Imperial Household to New York in May-June, 1959.

**Enjo* (A Daiei Film): Produced by Masaichi Nagata; screenplay by Natto Wada and Keiji Hasebe. Directed by Kon Ichikawa. Photography by Kazuo Miyagawa. Music by Toshio Mayuzumi.

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the screen. It does go further than any French or Italian film, and it won't be shown in America for our own bad reasons. There is one crucial sequence that can be interpreted as violently anti-American Occupation; it is only anti-evil. The film is also anti-religious, inasmuch as it clearly displays the institutional corruption of modern Zen Buddhism. A distinguished Zen abbot tries to hide his whore in downtown Kyoto. A small boy surprises his mother in bed with a man who is not his father; the father says she must be forgiven since he married a stupid woman. The boy, become an acolyte in the Golden Pavilion's Temple, makes a G.I.'s girl abort on its steps and gets a carton of Chesterfields for his pains; the abbot appropriates the cigarettes.

THERE are many sharp images: the funeral of the boy's father, on a flat, high cliff above a hopeless gray sea; the procession silhouetted against the rolling sky, the coffin elevated on fat logs which the boy lights; the coffin exploding in flames. Always flame, fire; candles guttering; cigarette lighter; gotta match, bud? Finally, the manic incendiary, disguised as a stammering child, pushed on by the perverse existentialism of his only companion, a Iago with a clubfoot and an ancient flute, completes his *acte gratuite*, in which there is no trace of freedom. He is locked in the conjunction of his own stammer, the deformity of his only confidante, the loss of the faith of his father, the defeat of Japan, adolescence and the overwhelming accusing presence of that perfect Object, the pavilion itself. Naturally he tries to free himself. Naturally he burns the building to exorcise himself, his dead father, his idiotic mother, the bad abbot, the G.I.'s girl, all Kyoto and the wide world. The enormous sky dances with a billion golden fireflies — flakes of gold-leaf from the torched pavilion. The acolyte watches, satisfied, his work well done; we see in the imperturbable pool beneath the charred hulk, upside down in water, a perfect reflection of Kinkaku-ji, shimmering, pristine, unbroken.

In the film there is a logical end which the book only suggests. Shackled to two not very brutal police, the boy is taken by train to the mad house in the city. He had run as far as the mountains and bungled suicide. He has to go to the lavatory; a cop uniocks his handcuff. He races to the car door and jumps. The final shot shows a small army truck, running along endless tracks, coming to pick him up.

Mishima, re-erects Kyoto, plain and mountain, monastery, temple, town, as Victor Hugo made Paris out of Notre Dame. Miss Ross's blurb invokes Dostoevski, but there is no ratiocination here, nor self-pitying, self-forgiving martyrization of the Western christologue. Mishima suffers without the benefits of protestant agonizing or anxious guilt from Moses and Monotheism. The anguish of the stammerer, the plunging disability of his clubfooted companion, are presupposed with the alarming stoicism of sincere Shinto peasants. This blank cruelty, or apathy in the face of suffering, is the other side of beauty-loving Japan which horrifies us with its talent for torture, a sadism as relentless and meaningless as earthquake, typhoon and fire. And madness.

In this novel you never accept the boy as Mad, or going Mad. Mishima imperceptibly constructs logical confusion. There is no real crisis, even at that instant when we all agree he must burn the pavilion (or go mad?). Naturally, the temple is gorgeous and holy; naturally he must burn it. This is a creative act, for we credit his selfless devotion to the Ideal, honed down to the razor-edge of Zen's systematic dislocations and induced shocks. His fire is the stupendous joke, the quintessential thwack on the shaven skull to make sure boy-monks meditate on their essence, rather than play with their illusory selves. Saturated with a sense of active evil, comparable to Baudelaire's rolling horror, this is our hell here and now, and quite lovely, too. And possible, and acceptable and not, exactly, uncomfortable. So, as a trained and efficient exorcist, he perfumes the roof-tree phoenix with flame. Whether or not the fabric or its soul is consumed, the pavilion is cleansed. Illusion is no longer illusory; it is translated fact, inviolate, complete. The acolyte is fire-master and fire.

DR. SUZUKI's beautiful book, elegantly produced in the indispensable Bollingen series, coincidentally gives full support to the historicity of Mishima's analysis and interpretation of Zen Buddhism. The cults of tea, sword, archery, garden, painting, handwriting are shown as separate petals of that precious efflorescence which, in spite of history, madness and the disturbed surface of the tangible world, are celebrated today, inside and outside of many golden pavilions. Suzuki makes no claims for Zen as a practical dividend for the West, for helping us keep our metaphysics warm. Zen has become the conversation piece of the late fifties as Thomism was of the early thirties. If

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Zen can have immediate application for Westerners on any level above the verbal, above aesthetics, or the ordering of visual or lyric impressions (and it seems less likely the more you study a monastery), it requires a conscious deceleration which most Americans find too boring to approximate. Books can give only a hint of the psychic athletics which have caused such a rich display of the poorest Japanese materials, paper, wood, baked earth or woven thread. Suzuki shows how some Chinese commentators attracted and fascinated certain Japanese soldiers and men of state, and how these caused to be made many beautiful objects — pots, gardens, writing, pictures — which took their structure from the organization of a variety of ideas attached to the possibility of a direct cognition of reality by common sense. But common sense is so uncommon, and man is constitutionally so resistant to it, that means have been accumulated to serve those men who wish to resist it less. One method has found its concrete monuments in some sword blades, some rough black pots, some writing that is still interesting to look at (and even read), and some gardens that are still raked and clipped.

THE UNESCO volume on Japanese Buddhist paintings is the most beautiful so far issued in this unprecedented and irreplaceable series. Costly, it is not expensive for what it supplies. Here one can see images almost better than in their original, for they are rarely available to most of us in their wide diffusion and frequently impossible housing and lighting. You can look long at these pictures; they begin to memorize themselves. Parallel reading will whet appreciation; such pictures do not communicate automatically to those of us chiefly trained in the assimilation of Italian painting. In their austerity, steep limits, playfulness and perfection of craft, they are the ground against which much great thinking has been done. They are charts for an imagined paradise, but their promise is not blinding at first view, because we are only half-awake to the map of the minds that made them. Watchers are tossed against their own capacity trying to read such works, but for many they are worth the inconvenience.

IT IS the final short circuit of communication that the post-Korean War generation of beatniks has affected a superficial, poverty-stricken, Bohemian rapture of enlightenment which, to work, demands order, dignity and discipline of craft, psychic as well as manual. Zen has always been the foe of rhetoric, in decoration as well as Byronism. Personal protest is ostentation; self-pity is the most distasteful as well as the most unattractive of Western characteristics. Zen studies are a constructive demolition of abstract art, Pauline ethics and romantic fallacies. Alan W. Watts's *Beat Zen, Square Zen, & Zen* first appeared last summer in the *Chicago Review*. It is now reprinted as a pamphlet with added material, notably on Jack Kerouac. One can only mutter: read this and depart in peace. Watts distills Zen's fascination, use and common sense in a tone of direct colloquialism which is the first indication that Zen can accommodate an American style, here and now, too. As Marianne Moore wrote of poetry: "I, too, dislike it — there are things that are important beyond all this fiddle./Reading it however, with a perfect contempt for it, one discovers in it after all, a place for the genuine." Watts is a veritable old Zen hand. In his thirty-two small pages there is about as much as most of us can swallow in a course of short doses.

And I will admit that the very hullabaloo about Zen, even in such an essay as this, is also fuss,—but a little less so. Having said that, I would like to say something for all Zen fussers, beat or square. Fuss is all right, too. If you are hung on Zen, there's no need to try to pretend that you are not. If you really want to spend some years in a Japanese monastery, there is no earthly reason why you shouldn't. Or if you want to spend your time hopping freight cars and digging Charlie Parker, it's a free country.

In the landscape of Spring there is
neither better nor worse;
The flowering branches grow
naturally, some long, some short.

Attack from the Right

THE FAILURE OF THE "NEW ECONOMICS": An Analysis of the Keynesian Fallacies. By Henry Hazlitt. D. Van Nostrand. 458 pp. $7.50.

Edward S. Herman

IN HIS influential book, *The General Theory of Employment Interest and Money,* published in 1936, J. M. Keynes assured himself the undying enmity of many conservatives by arguing that unrestricted private enterprise does not automatically assure full employment, that wage reductions are an unworkable means of eliminating unemployment, and that systematic government intervention is essential for the maintenance of stability under private capitalism. Although much of Keynes's original rough and polemical formulation has been modified in the direction of greater rigor and consistency, a substantial number of the principal concepts and ideas of the *General Theory* have been incorporated into the main stream of economic thought. This process of integration has not diminished the antagonism of economists and businessmen with strong emotional and intellectual ties to the view that unemployment would take care of itself if only government intervention were reduced and wages made more flexible.

Henry Hazlitt has long been known to the economics profession as one of the unreconstructed. The method and perspective of his *Economics in One Lesson*, published in 1946, recall the *simpliste* anti-interventionism of the mid-nineteenth century popularizer of *laissez-faire,* Frederic Bastiat (to whom Hazlitt acknowledges his indebtedness). Hazlitt's position has changed little since 1946, although there has been a notable increase in venom and hardening of preconceptions. In 1946 Hazlitt was still able to concede that in earlier years trade unions did much to prevent exploitation. In the present volume, no such concessions can be made: "Labor then, as now, was getting the full amount of its marginal contribution to the value of the product." (86)

The Failure of the "New Economics" is an interesting example of a critical work whose purpose is to score the maximum number of points against the subject. No attempt is made to present or comprehend the subject matter as a coherent whole, and Hazlitt gives every evidence of a failure to grasp either the Keynesian model or its key components. What he has done is to go through the *General Theory* and pick out numerous

EDWARD S. HERMAN teaches Economics and Finance in the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, the University of Pennsylvania.

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sentences with which he disagrees. Where they contain a concept that Hazlitt does not understand, such as the multiplier, or "effective demand," he reduces them to absurdity by sheer weight of misinterpretation and dogmatic assertion. When he arrives at a point which he dislikes, but wishes to evade entirely, such as the Keynesian view that spending under conditions of heavy unemployment will increase employment rather than prices, he simply asserts that it is "peculiar" and another "fallacy" and passes on to the next point (145). When he wishes to defend a doctrine with congenial policy implications, but which is refuted by every substantial decline in national income, such as Say's Law, he converts it into an "ultimate truth" which is "merely concealed" by the contrary facts of reality (39).

THE quality of mind at work in a process of this sort can be illustrated by the following example, taken from an inexhaustible stock. Keynes stated at one point, in explanation of the popularity of the Ricardian doctrines: "That it afforded a measure of justification to the free activities of the individual capitalist, attracted to it the support of the dominant social force behind authority." Hazlitt comments, "This is pure Marxian demagogy, which attributes beliefs to discreditable motives rather than to disinterested logic" (56-57). This is pompous nonsense, of course, but it is also discreditable hypocrisy since Hazlitt does not hesitate to assert that "envy and hatred" lie behind the schemes of revolutionary economic reformers (360), or that Keynes developed his theory to rationalize a defense of trade unions (287). A disinterested logician might infer that Hazlitt conforms exactly to his own definition of a Marxist demagogue.

Hazlitt's solution to the unemployment problem is greater wage flexibility. He concedes that excessive wage rates did not initiate the 1929 crisis, but once demand and prices had collapsed "it was necessary for wage-rates to adjust themselves to the reduced level of demand . . . if mass unemployment was to be averted. It was the failure of this wage adjustment to occur that led to prolonged mass unemployment for ten years" (19). No mention is made of the saturation of investment, the psychological reaction to the crash and continued deflation, the bank failures, the effect of deflation on the debt burden, or the impact of inflexible prices on employment (the reader will look in vain in this book for any discussion of business monopoly)— Hazlitt's dogma of wage inflexibility as the cause of unemployment is another ultimate truth, endlessly asserted but never proved. Since trade unionism was at a very low ebb in the crucial early years of the depression, it would be interesting to see how Hazlitt would propose to increase wage flexibility beyond the level existing in 1929-1933.

Would wage reductions in a period of depression actually serve to increase employment? Keynes brought home the fact that, although this might be true for a single firm, if wage cuts are widespread the redistribution of income from wages to profits and the general fall in prices and incomes might easily reduce consumer demand enough to offset the stimulus of wage cost reductions. Keynes's point is reinforced by the adverse effects on expectations (and spending) of a further decline in prices, wage rates and incomes, and the social disorganization that is likely to accompany severe deflation. Suffice it to say that discussions of this issue since 1936 have led the vast majority of economists to conclude that emphasis on wage reductions as a primary means of combatting unemployment is dangerously unsound.

Hazlitt's book on Keynes has been greeted with enthusiasm by many business and other publications and was treated as a serious and important volume by Louis M. Hacker in *The New York Times*. This appears to be due to the fact that, although a travesty of scholarship and fair-mindedness, its flesh and bones of extreme right-wing ideology are covered over with a thin skin of learning. Here is a work of 458 pages, with numerous footnotes, simple and self-assured, that "refutes" Keynes and asserts that government deficits and cheap money are ineffective for curing unemployment, but that tight money and the destruction of trade unions can do the job. It is a wonderful book to confirm the prejudices of the conservative economist and the non-thinking businessman. It is somewhat less clear that the capitalist system could long survive the passionate embraces of many like Henry Hazlitt.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

ONE OF THE pleasantest things put on our stage this season is Hal Holbrook's one-man show, *Mark Twain Tonight* (41st St. Theatre). The evening is memorable because of Mark Twain's tonic writing and Hal Holbrook's acting.

Mark Twain, we all say, is a true American classic. This, however, is a dangerous thing to say. Because a "classic" for most of us is something we refer to, quote and express haphazard opinions about, but which we rarely care for. I know Mark Twain well: did I not last read *Huckleberry Finn* in 1943, and *Tom Sawyer* when I was a kid? I know what Van Wyck Brooks said about the man, and what H. L. Mencken, Bernard De Voto, Kenneth Rexroth and a host of others have said. All this means that Mark Twain is a reputation to me—not a writer. Having seen Hal Holbrook's *Mark Twain Tonight*, the funny man of our literature has become an intimate.

Twain's language is a model of delightfully pithy speech. His "jokes" are refreshing because they embody a particularly American form of non-conformity, a sort of innocently caustic individualism. And what is most notable about this traditionally American attitude is that it is now almost extinct.

Hal Holbrook does more than read Twain, as Emlyn Williams reads Dickens or Dylan Thomas: he acts the man. His acting is shrewd and complete. The mischievous twinkle in the eye, the easy, preoccupied gait, the ascetic self-indulgence of the cigar-smoking, the delicate toying with the matches and the ashtray, the handling of the frayed books and scattered notes, not to mention the make-up and the tobacco voice —all form a first-rate miniature portrait.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL (American Shakespeare Festival: Stratford, Conn.) is an agreeable production of a peculiar play. The scenes move lightly, the actors' speech is distinct, the performances are sympathetic, the points for a literal comprehension of the

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surface humor of the play are neatly made. Thus we get an affable rendition of the play—an ostensibly cute narration out of a naughty Boccaccio tale.

In other words, the Connecticut production takes the play at face value. But Shakespeare was a strange writer. If we are less interested in classics than in communication we may discover that *All's Well* is a deliberately nasty story by a rather embittered man—who didn't always feel kindly toward loyal women, upright kings and splendid soldiers. Some reviewers understood this, but thought it made the play inferior—as if it weren't quite proper for Shakespeare to be acid, after all the nice things we have said about him.

True, the play is not one of his verbal masterpieces; what is distinctive about it is the acid. This is diluted on the Connecticut stage, and we are given an evening of bland Shakespearean fun. Tyrone Guthrie's production of *All's Well*—now playing in Stratford-upon-Avon—is a "distortion" which makes the play more meaningful to a modern viewer and less like something out of Charles Lamb.

JULIUS CAESAR (New York Shakespeare Festival: Central Park) is an ironic political melodrama. It is superbly written, wonderfully constructed, as masterful a stage piece as ever came out of the English theatre. In it—as later in *Coriolanus*—Shakespeare expressed his profound skepticism about the political world and its great figures. Brutus is an idealist who balls things up for himself and everyone else; the others are wily politicos who efficiently wreak havoc. There is not much solace in this for anyone. Besides being a supreme poet and dramatist, Shakespeare was a great spirit; but when he was not merry, he was a disturbing person. Such fellows simply have to be turned into "classics."

The production in the park is robust and—considering the youth of the company—well acted. Stuart Vaughn, the director, has learned several essential things about Shakespeare: he has to be played with great vigor, he has to be made larger than life (that is, unabashedly heroic), his points have to be strikingly visualized. That is what makes Vaughn's park productions good popular shows in a vein that approaches a living Shakespeare. The producer, Joseph Papp, deserves our thanks.

I ONCE heard the composer John Cage speak of the music he and several of his similar-minded colleagues were writing as "non-art." Since I have never been primarily concerned whether any form of communication was "art" or not, the phrase irritated me. But seeing Jack Gelber's *The Connection* (The Living Theatre), I thought the play might fit into the category Cage referred to.

For while *The Connection* may not be "art," is is none the less arresting. The play, which is reportage, rumination and reflection about something that is definitely going on, presents a group of "junkies" (drug addicts) before and after a session given over to their vice. Some play jazz music (quite well), others "philosophize," explain themselves to the audience, tell little stories about their adventures. Though the play's form is unresolved, and some of the writing self-conscious as well as overlong, it is a bit of naturalism not without point and not without talent.

I am not familiar—as some of my friends seem to be—with the goings on in the haunts or "pads" of the beatniks, but *The Connection* creates a distinct sense of authenticity, even in the terrible languor of pace which marks the opening of the proceedings. The actors seem as right for their roles as Kazan long ago did in *Waiting for Lefty* (everyone was certain that The Group Theatre had hired a "hackie" for the part), and the direction by Judith Malina keeps the actors' concentration, their minute activities and physical life, truthful in a way that achieves intensity and casualness at the same time.

The result will surely seem unpleasant for spectators eager for either "art" or entertainment, but there is a sort of melancholy in the event, with touches of genuine pathos and even a wretched sort of lyricism. It is as if one had looked for a moment into a corner of our city to breathe the rank air of its unacknowledged dejection. The play reeks of human beings and if we turn completely away from people of any kind we can know little of anything worth knowing.

An Autumn in a Word

Falling from above
one word stuck like a leaf
on the end of a line
fell down onto the end of the next
fluttered loose again and slipped
thru two split syllables
on down through the text
into a still of verbs
and tossed around down there
tangled in shadows of tenses
crying havoc among the small words and
lost senses
that end affairs
and the word Love

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

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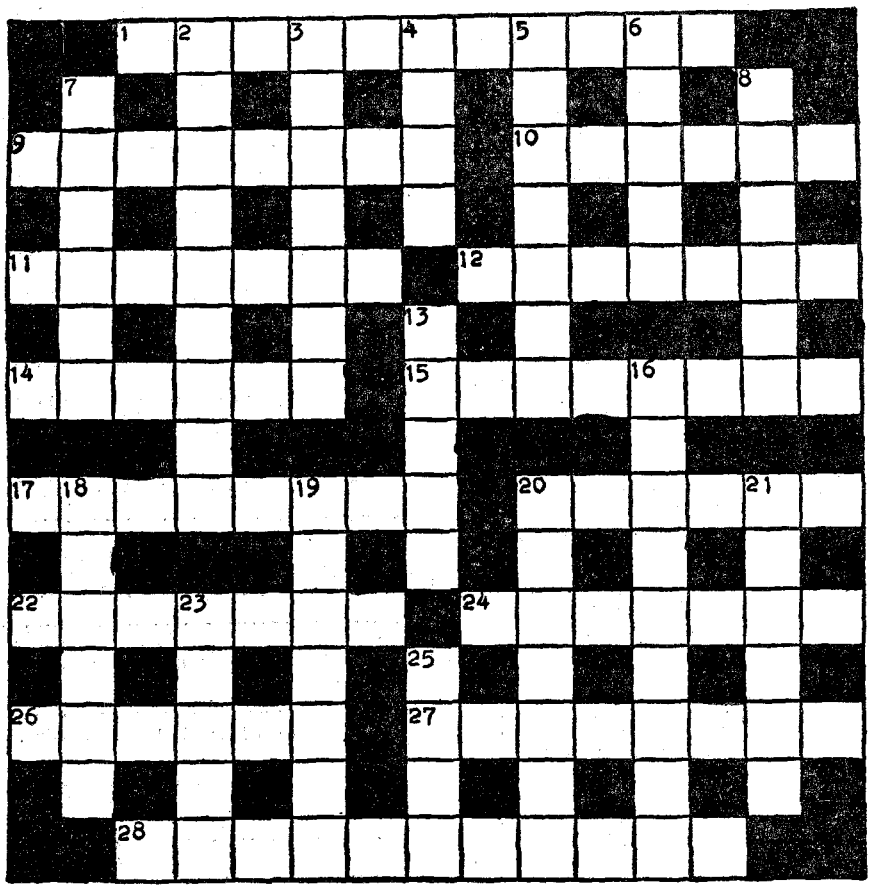
Crossword Puzzle No. 830

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Study the business of the assembly. (11)
9 Soft "a," for example—or just "a." (8)
10 Loot turns bad. (6)
11 Open car or open hat. (7)
12 Certainly not fat layers. (7)
14 Contends as part of peculiar guesswork. (6)
15 and 25 Where the loser doesn't get over things so fast. (8, 4)
17 One doesn't have to join one to use one. (4, 4)
20 Burns' Saturday Night peasant. (6)
22 Means, perhaps, of smoke. (7)
24 Put life into the team, in a way. (7)
26 Doll in the form of a favorite little dog? (6)
27 One no longer believes in a foreign river domain. (8)
28 Social group to be fated for underground construction. (11)

DOWN:

2 Where links may be found with credit. (2, 3, 4)
3 The rightful owners of 10? (7)
4 C, F, or G. (4)
5 Corny inflorescences. (7)
6 A Wizard place has a number to make air. (5)
7 A slice might be more imprudent. (6)
8 Such decoration might be pretty, for all it's makeup. (6)
13 A high ball gets by bill-pushers, perhaps. (5)
16 Car rug on a self-moving machine. (9)
18 To pop a question shows not reflecting! (6)
19 Alleviate bleach? (7)
20 In opposition to kind Albert, perhaps. (7)
21 In the present, it yields being. (6)
23 Drive on! (5)
25 See 15 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 829

ACROSS: 1 Obsidian; 5 Weasel; 11 Launching; 12 Sparing; 13 and 10 Thoughtfully; 14 Divers; 15 Dreamer; 18 Unnerve; 21 Bundle; 24 Learner; 26 Troughs; 27 In the pink; 28 Llama; 29 Garish; 30 Anisette. DOWN: 1 Oafish; 2 Salvation; 3 Daytime; 4 Alleges; 6 Enclose; 7 Sling; 8 Ligature; 9 Suited; 16 Malignant; 17 Outlying; 19 Ringers; 20 Earwig; 21 Betoken; 22 Noodles; 23 Escape; 25 and 13 Afterthought.

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